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THE  
LIFE AND CHARACTER  
OF  
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LATE MISSIONARY TO BURMAH;

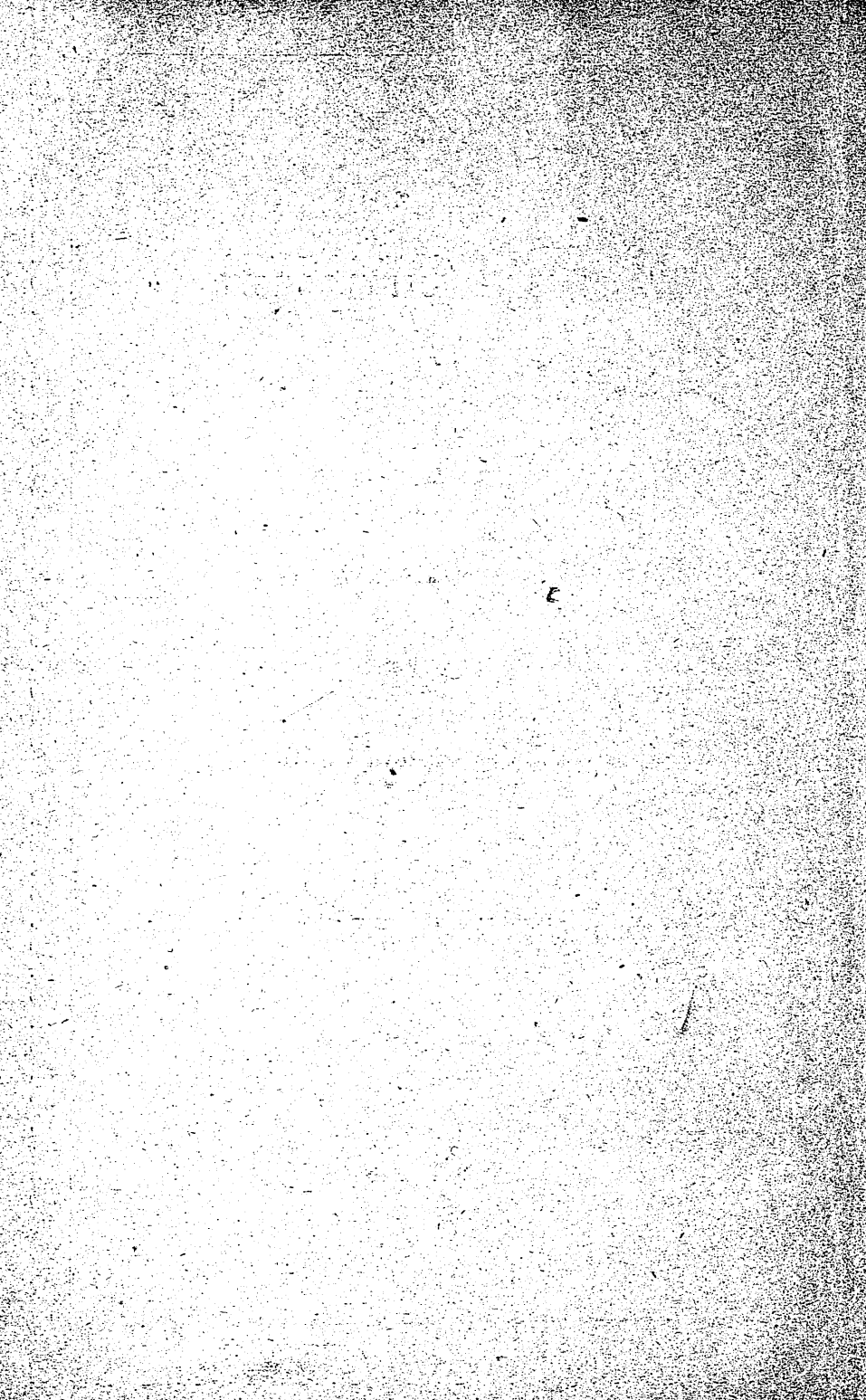
A COMMEMORATIVE DISCOURSE

DELIVERED BEFORE THE AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY  
UNION, IN BOSTON, MAY 15, 1851.

BY  
WILLIAM HAGUE.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE UNION.

BOSTON:  
GOULD AND LINCOLN,  
59 WASHINGTON STREET.  
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
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# DISCOURSE.

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ACTS XIII. 36.

FOR DAVID, AFTER HE HAD SERVED HIS OWN GENERATION BY THE WILL OF GOD, FELL ON SLEEP.

FATHERS AND BRETHREN OF THE MISSIONARY UNION :

THE year that has passed since we were last assembled has been marked by two events, to each of which belongs the dignity of an historical era. One of these events is the completion of the half century. While now, as from a "mount of vision," we look back upon the scenes which it has unfolded, we hail with joy new proofs of the fulfilment of those promises which woke the lyres of ancient prophets, and catch new glimpses of a profound plan for the redemption of our fallen race which the Almighty is urging forward to a glorious consummation. Never before, within as brief a period, has man acquired so great a power over the elements of material nature ; never before have those great truths, which are the germs of auspicious changes in society and government, been so widely spread among civilized nations ; and never before has Christianity gained such substantial conquests in those vast eastern realms where the superstitions of Boodh and Brahma have brooded, for so many centuries, over the minds of benighted millions.



It was a law of ancient Israel, that every fiftieth year should be hallowed as a jubilee; and surely the Christian Israel has never had more fitting occasion than that which is furnished by the present time, to lift up the song of triumph and of hope. At the opening of this period, a "darkness that might be felt" covered the face of Europe; the moral earthquake, which convulsed France to its centre, vibrated throughout Christendom; the old world was rocking on its foundations, and the wisest of statesmen, philosophers, and philanthropists, despaired of the fortunes of the race. But amidst those scenes of portentous gloom, the Scripture was verified which saith, "Light is sown for the righteous;" the spirit of missionary heroism was then kindled afresh, as with the breath of the Almighty; the churches of Christ were then rallying for a concerted onset against the powers of darkness in those lands where their sway had been undisputed; the small beginnings that were the jeer and mock of worldly wisdom have thriven into an enterprise which has won the homage of the world; a deep presentiment of defeat has struck through the heart of heathenism, and the Christians of Europe and America call to each other in joyous songs, that celebrate the spreading victories of the cross.

The other event, to which we have referred, is the death of that distinguished leader of the missionary enterprise, ADONIRAM JUDSON, whose eyes were closed upon the scenes of earth on April 12th of the last year, while on a voyage to the Isle of Bourbon, and whose mortal remains were then consigned by friendly hands to an ocean grave. The narrative of his career forms an important part of the early history of the nineteenth century. His life and fortunes are identified with the rise and progress of American Christian missions. To him may be applied the words of God respecting the patriarch Abraham — "I called him alone, and blessed and increased him." As soon as he had welcomed to his heart the quickening hopes which Christianity inspires, he desired to impart them to the perishing heathen; his

desires were soon ripened into a heroic purpose ; and, having been blessed with talents eminently practical, he immediately concerted measures for carrying that purpose into effect. The prosecution of those measures was steadily carried forward through forty successive years ; and then, having "served his generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep." His works live after him. He has left a fragrant name, and his biography is to us a priceless heritage. His life is an epoch from which a new missionary era is to be reckoned. Eighteen centuries ago, when the Apostle of the Gentiles, having heard the imploring cry of the Macedonian suppliant, "Come and help us," embarked from the shore of Troas to obey that call of Heaven, if a Livy or a Virgil, just arrived from the court of Augustus, had gazed on the vessel as she spread her sails to cross the *Ægean* sea, neither of them would have seen, in the fact before him, any thing worthy of commemoration in history or in song, although we, who survey the past at a glance, can see, in that event, Christianity passing over from Asia into Europe ; so, doubtless, when our own Judson first left these shores on a missionary errand, his embarkation suggested nothing to the worldly poet or historian deserving of special note, but to our retrospective view it exhibits a glorious fact in human history — Christianity going forth from her asylum in the new world, to react, with renovating energy, on the old. Yes ; we see that Christianity, which has here turned the wilderness into a garden, looking back to the continent whence she sprang, and moving forth to repair the ancient wastes, to cause the desolations of Asia to rejoice in the bloom and freshness of a new spiritual life from on high.

Among the means of instruction which the Divine Spirit has employed in the sacred Scriptures, biography holds an important place. Of true history it has been well said, it is "the biography of nations." There are, too, distinguished men, whose memoirs embody the life and spirit of a whole people, or of a particular period. Biographies of great men may be divided into two classes ; the first embracing those

who truly represent the spirit of their age; the second comprising only those who struggle for the triumph of truth *against* their age. To the first class belong the biographies of such men as Peter the Hermit, or St. Bernard, at whose beck nations rallied to engage in crusading wars; the biography of Napoleon, the representative of martial genius, and the idol of millions; the life of Thomas Jefferson, whose words and deeds embodied the prevailing spirit of American democracy. In the second class of biographies we may properly place that of John de Wycliffe, whose course on earth was a contest for one momentous truth—the supremacy of God's word as the standard of faith; that of Luther, and of Melancthon, who struggled for the great doctrine of justification by a living faith, instead of dead ceremonies; that of Roger Williams, whose commonwealth embodied the clear conception of the universal right of man to religious liberty, as an essential element of Christianity. This latter class of men do not represent the spirit of their age, or the opinions of a people; they are prophets of the future; they represent *ideas* which, struggling for mastery, become the property of succeeding times. They identify their fortunes with the success of a principle; they enshrine in their hearts some great truth, unwelcome to their generation, and feel themselves impelled to go forth as its heralds, to conquer as its champions, or die as its martyrs. Among the men of this higher order, as far as the elements of character are concerned, Adoniram Judson holds a distinguished place, although he was permitted by the benignity of Providence to share the fortunes of the former class. In the very prime of his manhood, he became a believer in Christ; and then, looking abroad over the face of the earth, his thoughts were engrossed by this one appalling fact, that the majority of his species were groping amidst the gloom of paganism. In connection with this fact, he meditated deeply on that last command of his risen Lord which made the evangelization of the human race the great life-work of his disciples. At once, the path of duty shone clearly before him. To him the written mandate was a call from Heaven,

and his answer to it was as devout and prompt as was that of the converted Saul to the voice which addressed him from the skies. No angel's message, no vision of the night, no new revelation, was needed to mark out his course; the wants of humanity moved his sympathies; the Great Commission gained the homage of his conscience; and although the drift of public sentiment, the prevailing opinions of the church, and the counsels of human wisdom, supplied no genial encouragement, it was enough for him to know that he was treading in the footsteps of inspired apostles, and walking in the light that beamed from the oracles of God.

And now, we who are assembled here, who have been accustomed from year to year to observe his doings, to sympathize with his hopes and fears, to pray for his success, have met as mourners at his funeral. We say one to another, "A great man is fallen in Israel." Although he lived far from us, he was knit to our hearts by subtle ties far stronger than those of family or kindred; although Burmah was the land of his adoption, we felt that, as by a spiritual presence, he lived amongst us—that his form and countenance were as familiar to our thoughts as if he had belonged to our own household circle. Nevertheless, our sorrow for his loss is tempered and elevated by the joy that springs from remembering what great things he lived to accomplish; so that, instead of calling for a solemn and plaintive dirge to express the emotions awakened by this occasion, we would rather unite in a song of praise and thanksgiving for the guardian Providence that so long watched over him, for the extraordinary gifts with which the Divine Spirit enriched him, "for the good-will of Him that dwelt in the bush, and for the blessing which came upon the head of his servant, and upon the top of the head of him that was separated from his brethren."

Desirous as we are, at this time, to commemorate the services of our departed missionary, to treasure up in our hearts the spirit of his great example, it shall be our aim, so far as we may be able in the time allotted to this service, to contemplate

THE PROMINENT POINTS OF HIS HISTORY—THE CHARACTER WHICH IT DEVELOPED—AND SEVERAL LESSONS WHICH IT SUGGESTS.

Adoniram Judson was born at Malden, in the neighborhood of this city, on the ninth of August, 1788. He was the son of a Congregational clergyman, and was favored, of course, in the days of his boyhood, with the means of religious knowledge. His early youth, however, furnished no evidences of true piety; so far from this, when he was graduated at Brown University, in the year 1807, he was not a believer in Christianity. If not an avowed Deist of any particular school, he was sceptical as to the reality of divine revelation. The first impulse of his mind toward a better state appears to have sprung from a calm conviction of the folly and the peril of suspense in relation to a subject so momentous, on the part of one who is neglecting the means of investigation. On this account he devoted himself to a sober inquiry respecting the evidences of the Christian religion, of which the result was a thorough change of his opinions. The way was thus prepared for his conversion, by which we mean the cordial submission of his heart to the teachings of the gospel. This happy issue did not follow at once. While lingering in this city, he happened, one day, to take down from the shelf of a private library a volume, which, at that time, was a favorite household book among Christian readers. It was "Human Nature in its Fourfold State," by Thomas Boston, a minister of Ettrick, in Scotland. The work was perused by young Judson with profound attention, and from it he derived new views of sin and of redemption. His spiritual nature was now agitated to its very depths, and in this state of mind, without having obtained the mental peace which he craved, he sought admission to the Theological Seminary at Andover, with the hope of receiving that knowledge of the truth which maketh wise unto salvation. He was not disappointed. His request having been complied with, after

a short period, the doctrines of the gospel were disclosed to his view in all their divine simplicity, and the gloom of scepticism gave place to an intelligent and joyous faith.

No one will wonder that after the experience of so great a change, he should have wished to diffuse the light which he had received, even unto the ends of the earth. Another book, that now came in his way, was destined to exert a mighty influence upon his life and character. The celebrated discourse of Dr. Buchanan, entitled "The Star in the East," kindled the spark of Mr. Judson's missionary zeal into a flame, intense and unquenchable. It imparted to his deep and indefinite longings a practical aim, and seemed like the voice of God summoning him to his field of action. At such a bidding, he was ready, like Abraham, to go forth alone, "not knowing whither" he might be led; but in disclosing his views to others, he found in Samuel J. Mills, Samuel Nott, and Samuel Newell, congenial spirits, whom the Head of the Church was preparing for the same exalted destination.

At that time there was not an association of any kind on the continent of America to which these young men could look with an assurance of counsel or support. The churches of this country had been planted by men who had fled as exiles from European oppression, and their minds had been engrossed in seeking security and freedom for themselves. Some efforts had been made for the evangelization of the Pagan natives in their immediate neighborhood, but there had been no attempt to penetrate the vast realm of Heathenism on the Old Continents, and there was but a dim conception of the enlarged, aggressive spirit of Christianity which is breathed forth in the words of "the Great Commission." No wonder is it, then, that Mr. Judson resolved to seek aid and coöperation across the Atlantic. He opened a correspondence with the London Missionary Society, received answers of encouragement, and was invited to visit England. Nevertheless, a memorial in behalf of himself, and his youthful coadjutors, was addressed to the Massachusetts Associa-

tion, at Bradford, in June, 1810, the result of which was the formation of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Under their direction he sailed for England, in the year 1811, in order to arrange a plan of coöperation between the two societies. He was captured by a French privateer, was imprisoned at Bayonne, was released on parole, obtained an imperial passport, and proceeded to London, for the prosecution of his errand. We have reason to rejoice that no concert of action was effected; that the new society was urged to pursue an independent course, and that hence, from the day of weak beginnings and of doubtful existence, it has put forth an influence which now encircles the globe like a zone of light, and has gathered a moral strength by which it shall outlast the greatest of earthly empires.

After Mr. Judson's return to America, he solicited an appointment from the Board, which met at Worcester, in September, 1811, having fully determined that if his request were not granted he would enter the missionary field under the patronage of the London society. The Board was impelled to a decisive movement; and, having concluded to attempt a mission in Burmah, amidst many conflicting hopes and fears, bestowed appointments on Messrs. Judson, Newell, Nott, and Gordon Hall. It was a deed of unpretending character, but never to be forgotten; the capital link in a chain of grand events whose memory coming ages shall "not willingly let die."

And here, our thoughts naturally revert to her whose name will ever awaken the most refined and elevated conceptions of a true womanly character, and of a sublime moral heroism. It was at this time that Ann Hasseltine identified her earthly fortunes with those of our adventurous missionary, and by her own footsteps marked out that pathway, through an untrodden field of enterprise, in which a noble company of her countrywomen have since followed, and around which they have shed an imperishable lustre. In abandoning the sweet associations of a New England home which domestic

affections, intellectual culture, and refined society, had invested with more than an ordinary charm, in order to carry the blessings of the gospel to a distant land, to a sickly clime, and a degraded nation of idolaters, she did not follow at the beck of any high example, nor enjoy a gleam of light from any honored precedent, but, like the companion of her covenant, pursued her course over a trackless waste, guided by faith alone; "endured as seeing Him who is invisible," assured that his providence would go before them as a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. And so it was. Although in the view of a cool worldly prudence she appeared only as the victim of a poetical illusion, the sport of a wild spirit of religious romance, the history of her life has proved that she had formed a just conception of the work which she undertook—of the means suited to its accomplishment; that she was animated not only by a lofty enthusiasm, but also by a true practical wisdom, whose combined forces urged her forward in her career, with an ardent energy "which the nature of the human mind forbade to be more," and which the dignity of the object "forbade to be less." One of the finest tributes ever paid to the character of American females has been drawn forth by our missionaries from an eminent English prelate, the Bishop of Calcutta, who has attested his high estimation of their virtues, their accomplishments, their piety, and of the mighty influence which they are exerting on the moral destinies of Asia. They form an order of women to whom, at some distant day, the pen of history will do justice, as having been the glory of the nineteenth century: and at the head of that order, wreathed with unfading honors, will stand the name of ANN HASSELTINE JUDSON.

Soon after he had received his appointment, Mr. Judson was married at ~~Bradford~~ on the fifth of February, 1812; on the sixteenth, was ordained in the Tabernacle Church at Salem; and in company with his wife, together with Mr. and Mrs. Newell, embarked at that port in the brig *Caravan*, under the command of the generous-hearted Capt. Heard,



on the nineteenth of the same month. Their voyage was prosperous; they soon became naturalized to the sea, and were able to employ all their time in studious preparation for their work. The cabin of the Caravan became a consecrated and memorable place, and may be properly called the cradle of the American Baptist missionary enterprise. There, amidst much devout study and many prayers, occurred that remarkable change in Mr. Judson's opinions as to the constitution of the Christian church, which brought him into immediate connection with the Baptists of this country. Going forth from his native land to rear Christian churches where no foundation had been laid, and where he could not proceed "in another man's line of things made ready to his hand," it seems not strange that he should have sought light from the oracles of God, and should have studied with profound attention the principles, the teachings, and the practices of the inspired apostles. Expecting, as he did, to meet at Calcutta the venerated Dr. Carey, and Marshman, and Ward, the pioneers of Christian missions in India, it is not wonderful that their distinguishing sentiments should have arrested his attention. What he regarded as apostolic baptism, they treated as an innovation of later times. He had been charged to baptize converted heathen and all their infant offspring; they would administer the solemn rite of dedication to none but believers on a profession of personal faith. Accustomed as he was to habits of independent thought, revering the Scriptures, too, as the only and sufficient rule of faith, we do not wonder that he resolved to examine these questions thoroughly, and to follow with unfaltering step whithersoever Truth should lead the way. His investigations led him to embrace the doctrines which we profess; his reasons have been published to the world, and, whatsoever may be thought of them, none can doubt that his conduct in this instance illustrated the purity of his motives, and exemplified that lofty conscientiousness which is an essential element of true Christian heroism.

Mr. Judson and his company arrived at Calcutta on the

eighteenth of June, and accepted the hospitalities of the missionaries at Serampore, with whom they entered into friendly deliberations as to the field which they should occupy. Their counsels, however, were suddenly embarrassed by their receiving from the local government an order directing them to return immediately to the United States. The East India Company, a body of merchants which had received its first charter of incorporation from Queen Elizabeth, on the last day of the sixteenth century, had gradually acquired a vast territorial influence, and was now holding in its hand the political destinies of India. Intent only on the establishment of its power, it was jealous of the humblest effort to diffuse Christianity among the native population; and, although a benign Providence has rendered its prosperity subservient to the progress of true religion, it has at various times committed the moral errors which are ever incidental to the policies of men whose highest law of action is derived from the oracles of Mammon, and who honor commerce as the supreme interest of humanity.

In these trying circumstances, our missionaries petitioned the government to modify its order so as to allow them to go to the Isle of France, which is often called by its older Dutch name, Mauritius; an island of almost circular form in the Indian sea, somewhat less than fifty miles in diameter, and inhabited chiefly by the descendants of old French families. It had lately fallen into the possession of England; but at the period of which we speak the English claim to it had not been confirmed, as it was afterward, by a treaty with the government of France. Here it was that the little group of persecuted missionaries, after many perils, and many interpositions of a guardian Providence, found their first field of labor in the eastern world. The island arose before their view in the "great wide sea" as a welcome refuge, like that hillock, in a wider waste of waters, where the wandering dove of Noah rested "the sole of her foot" and plucked the leaf of olive which was a presage of better days.

But although at the Isle of France they were treated with great kindness, although they were urged to make it a permanent residence, and received a promise from the Governor that he would befriend and patronize the mission, yet they could not regard it as a field suited to their wishes. They desired to preach Christ to pagans who had never heard of him, and to occupy some moral centre whence the light might radiate afar. With these views, Mr. and Mrs. Judson left the island, which had become associated with tender recollections, especially as the burial-place of Mrs. Harriet Newell, who fell a victim to the incidental hardships of her voyage thither, in the very prime and bloom of her life. They embarked for Madras with the hope of obtaining a passage to Pinang; but as Madras is the seat of one of the Presidencies of Hindostan, they fled from it in haste, driven by the fear that the order for their return to America would be renewed. The first opportunity of escape from the dreaded dominion of the East India Company was furnished by an old unseaworthy vessel bound to Rangoon; in this they ventured, and, after a perilous voyage of twenty-two days, arrived safely at this chief port of the Burman empire. Thus were they led in a mysterious manner to the land of their original destination; all friendly counsels and all hostile oppositions were rendered alike subservient to their earliest wishes, that they might bear the light of truth to the most deeply necessitous, and raise the standard of the cross in some chief citadel of oriental heathenism.

The American missionaries, having taken their position beyond the bounds of British India, now breathed more freely; they enjoyed the favor of the Viceroy, and devoted their whole energy to the acquisition of the Burman and Pali languages. In the course of the following year, intense exertion had impaired the health of each of them; but neither medical skill, nor rest, nor change of air and scene, imparted an influence so balmy and reviving as did the intelligence received from this country, that our churches had answered to their appeals, and that the Baptist General Con-

vention for missionary purposes had been formed under auspicious circumstances. There are many amongst us here who remember what a genial enthusiasm was awakened, from Maine to Georgia, when LUTHER RICE returned to his native land to aid in organizing our missionary operations. He, too, had been a student at Andover, had joined the Judsons in Calcutta, had united with them in their change of sentiments and of ecclesiastical relations, and had left them in the Isle of France on this new mission of love to the Baptists of the United States. His labors were not in vain ; he was hailed with a universal welcome, and in recalling that period of his ministry, he had reason to say to many a church, in the language of an apostle, "Ye received me even as an angel of God."

The reënforcement of the Burman mission, three years after its establishment, gave a fresh impulse to the mind of Mr. Judson. At first, when he had found himself surrounded with people of the Mongolian race who had never been touched, as yet, by the slightest influence of European civilization, a strange gloom invested every scene ; this, however, was gradually dispelled by an engrossing interest in his labors and by indications of success. The arrival of Mr. Hough, carrying with him a printing press which was a present from Dr. Carey and the brethren at Serampore, shed new light over his prospects. It is difficult for us adequately to conceive of the profound delight with which the solitary preacher at Rangoon hailed the accession of a fellow-worker, and also of that mighty instrumentality of which he was wont to say, "every pull of the press sends a ray of light through the empire of darkness."

From that time Mr. Judson pursued his daily work with renovated energy under the inspiration of brightening hopes. Judging from the tone and spirit of his letters, "the mountains and the hills were breaking forth before him into singing." He had favor with the rulers and the people. A spirit of inquiry was spreading itself around him. Even the Emperor, who had come into collision with the priesthood, had

been heard to ask for light respecting "the new religion." Although no conversion had occurred, yet while the press was pouring forth editions of tracts, catechisms, and gospels, the heart of the missionary was elate with confidence. It was early in the year 1817 that he first heard from the lips of a Burman, and that, too, an intelligent and respectable man, the acknowledgment of an eternal God. "I cannot tell," said he, "how I felt at that moment." This first gleam of intellectual conviction, touching the great error of Boodhism, he welcomed as the harbinger of that full effluence of light which is yet to irradiate the moral firmament of Burmah.

In spite of many difficulties arising from Mr. Judson's unfortunate detention while absent on an errand to Chittagong, and also from the recall of the friendly Viceroy of Rangoon by the court of Ava, the good work went forward, slowly, but surely. The thirtieth of April, 1819, became memorable in the history of the mission. Until then, the missionaries had lived in comparative seclusion, and had put forth no efforts of a *public* character. On that day a new step was taken involving new hazards. A zayat was opened for preaching and worship. There, about two months afterward, a small assembly was gathered to witness the reception of the first Burman convert into the Christian Church. Moungh Nau, a man who was thirty-five years of age, openly renounced Boodhism, made a satisfactory confession of his faith in Christ, then left the zayat, proceeded with the company to a small lake, on whose margin stood an immense image of Gaudama, and there, in the rite of baptism, "witnessed a good profession." On the following Sabbath, the fourth of July, this first Burman disciple received the Lord's Supper, which was then, for the first time, administered in two languages. Moungh Nau adorned his profession, rendered to the church much valuable service, and remained faithful unto death.

We have now traced the course of Dr. Judson from the scenes of his youth to those of his riper years; from the time of his first aspirations after a missionary life to the successful establishment of the mission in Burmah. The

subsequent portion of his history is more crowded with stirring incidents, with vivid contrasts, with narratives of daring and endurance, of perils and escapes, such as are fit materials for an epic poem; but that part which has passed in review before us discloses most clearly his principles of action, his cherished aims, the force of his genius, the ruling spirit of his life, the leading qualities of his mind and heart. It will be sufficient for our purpose, therefore, to glance hastily at the course of events from the period which we have reached to the close of his earthly career.

Previous to the opening of the *zayat* in Rangoon, two young men of Boston had joined the mission. These were, Mr. Wheelock, of the second church, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Baldwin, and Mr. Colman, of the third church, under the care of Rev. Dr. Sharp. Within a single year, Mr. Wheelock fell the victim of a fatal disease. Within three years, Mr. Colman followed his friend to the tomb; but in the beginning of the year 1820 he was Dr. Judson's companion to the imperial court at Ava. A strong impression prevailed at Rangoon that a friendly visit to the Emperor might incline him to favor the new religion and to protect the converts from persecution. The drift of events during several years had fostered in the breasts of the missionaries the most sanguine hopes of this result. They performed, therefore, a tedious voyage up the Irrawaddy with the utmost cheerfulness, and their elated expectations invested all the scenes of nature with an aspect of beauty and loveliness. Nothing that ever came from Dr. Judson's pen was written in a more animated style than were the pages of his journal while on the way to Ava. But when the visit had proved to be an entire failure, when the Emperor had dashed to the ground with deep disdain the printed leaf which proclaimed an eternal God, and had bidden the splendid volumes which they offered away from him, their spirits sunk to a depth corresponding to their former elevation, and they were for a time paralyzed by the chill of disappointment. They imagined that no Burman would dare avow a religion which

"the golden feet" had spurned, that further labor would be wasted, and that a more hopeful field must be sought. One of the most instructive spectacles in the history of missions occurred at Rangoon, when the Burman disciples, instead of shrinking from the company of the missionaries, as it was supposed they would do, rallied around them, encouraged them, pointed out the brighter aspects of the enterprise, and besought them with tears and arguments not to forsake a post to which God himself had so evidently led them. The counsel of the Burman Christians prevailed, and their faith saved the station from abandonment. This was "after the manner of God," who honors the zeal of his people more than the patronage of kings, and was in analogy with the ways of Him who committed the destinies of his cause on earth to the lowly fishermen of Galilee, but who, when invited to appear at the court of Herod, turned his back on majesty and left the royal sinner to his doom.

The following year, a Christian physician, Dr. Jonathan Price, joined the mission. He visited Ava in his professional character, and was favorably received by the Emperor. This event opened the way for Dr. Judson to go to Ava as a missionary; and when Mr. and Mrs. Wade arrived at Rangoon, it was decided that they should remain there, and that he should fix his residence at the capital. The state of the mission was now more hopeful than ever. On all sides the signs of the times indicated prosperity. But these bright skies were soon overcast with clouds and tempests. For many years the British power in Hindostan had been making constant progress amidst the storms of war, and now it was destined to establish itself in Chin-India. When it became evident that the Burman Emperor was making preparations to invade Bengal, it was resolved to anticipate the blow; and an army of ten thousand men, under the command of Sir Archibald Campbell, attacked and seized Rangoon. Messrs. Hough and Wade, then residing at that station, were imprisoned under armed keepers, who had been charged to massacre our brethren as soon as

the first shot should be fired. But the panic created by that shot was so intense that the keepers fled, and by this means alone were the lives of the prisoners saved. When the news of that deliverance reached this country, our temples resounded with the strains of thanksgiving, chastened and subdued, however, by the fearful suspense which remained as to the fate of our friends in Ava. For two years that suspense was unbroken, and became more agonizing by the lapse of time. At last the welcome news arrived that the lives of the missionaries had been preserved. But who can adequately describe the profound and mingled emotions which swelled the hearts of American Christians, the smiles and tears, the fervent prayers and hymns of praise, tokens of sympathy too deep for words, which distinguished our assemblies at that period when the revolting scenes at Ava were fully disclosed? Every form of evil which the most lively imagination had suggested, except that of death itself, had been bitterly realized by Dr. Judson and his companions in sorrow. Loathsome prisons, galling fetters, famine, tortures, barbarous insults, the separation of husband and wife, the confiscation of goods, exhausting sicknesses, and bloody tracks of lacerated feet over burning sands—these are the leading features that mark the picture of missionary life in Burmah during the progress of the English war. And yet, amidst the peltings of the storm, these Christian martyrs could encourage each other to calm endurance; their souls rose superior to the overhanging clouds charged with the elements of destruction, like those birds of the tropical climes which are observed to soar above the sweep of the passing hurricane, and to pour forth their sweet songs in the serener regions of the upper atmosphere.

A tribute of honor is due to Sir Archibald Campbell for his generous treatment of our missionaries at the close of the war. In the treaty of peace which followed, he demanded their surrender at the hands of the Burman Emperor, who, having become sensible of the value of Dr. Judson's services as a translator and interpreter, had expressed an intention



to retain him. The English General not only welcomed him to the hospitalities of his camp and table, but presented him with an eligible site of land for a missionary station at Amherst, the chosen seat of the English Government in Burmah; and afterward, when Mrs. Judson died and was buried there, he expressed a sense of her extraordinary worth, and his sympathy with her bereaved husband, in terms which reflect more honor on his character than the victories acquired by his arms. In the retrospect of life, it must have seemed to Dr. Judson an occasion of gratitude to God that the British power, which had driven him from India, was now wielded by one who was disposed to throw around him its protecting shield.

After the restoration of peace, Dr. Price returned to Ava. He was favorably received as a physician, and became, also, the tutor of several youths belonging to royal and to noble families. His hopes were sanguine as to his future usefulness, but in the year 1828 he died of pulmonary consumption. Of him no memoir has been published, and the entire destruction of his papers during the Burmese war has rendered it difficult to supply the deficiency. To the mission his loss was irreparable. He was a man of extensive attainments and of remarkably fine address. At Ava he engaged the confidence of the Court, and of him, in connection with Dr. Judson, it was attested by Mr. Crawford, the English Envoy, that "it was in a great measure through their influence, in surmounting the unspeakable distrust, jealousy, and it may be added, incapacity of the Burman chiefs, that the peace was ultimately brought about." \*

During several succeeding years Dr. Judson was busily engaged at Amherst and Maulmain in the work of translation, in the revision of the Burman Scriptures, in the preparation of a Burman-English dictionary, and in public teaching at the zayat. At this time, when Burmah proper was closed against him, a new field of missionary influence was unex-

\* Crawford's Embassy, Vol. 1, p. 160.

pectedly opened to his view. Early in the year 1828 the church at Maulmain received Moungh Thah-byu as a candidate for baptism. As Mr. Boardman, who had lately joined the mission, was about to establish a station at Tavoy, an old Burman town on the Tavoy river, containing a population of about nine thousand, he took this young convert with him, and baptized him there. Although the name of this man sounds to our ears like the name of a Burman, yet he was of another race — the Karens — a people as nomadic as the Arabs in their habits, scattered abroad through the rural districts, the mountains and the jungles of Burmah and Siam. Their condition is singular. They have no written language, no priests, no temples, no ritual, and although some of them are Boodhists, the great majority of them believe in the existence of an Eternal God, sing hymns to his praise, and in the scale of moral virtues are superior to the heathen around them. According to the testimony of Mr. Mason, who has thoroughly mastered all that may be known of their history, they have been long walking after the traditions of their fathers, which had nourished in their breasts the expectation that teachers would come from afar to instruct them in the true religion. The hopes of the church in Maulmain, that the convert whom they had received to their fellowship would be among the first fruits of a spiritual harvest gathered from the Karens, have been amply realized. They seem to have been “a people made ready for the Messiah.” The annals of modern missions exhibit no instance of a more rapid and amazing triumph of the gospel; for it is with a feeling of grateful joy that we record the fact, that Dr. Judson lived to see the day when there was reason to believe that eleven thousand Karens had embraced the faith of Christ “in spirit and in truth.”

Eight years after he had buried the wife of his youth, Dr. Judson became united in marriage to Mrs. Sarah Boardman, widow of the Rev. George Dana Boardman, who had fallen by the hand of death four years before, while in the prime of manhood and in the midst of his usefulness. This union

was in all respects a happy one. The qualities of her mind and heart, her thorough education, her congenial tastes, her aptness to teach, her elegant Burmese scholarship, the strength of her domestic affections, and withal, her love to the missionary work, well fitted her to be the companion and the wife of one whom she honored as "first among the best of Christians and of men." In the discharge of daily duties, in the endurance of trials, in literary studies, in counsel and in action, they were mutual helpers, and for a series of years enjoyed a degree of happiness far beyond what their peculiar circumstances might have furnished reason to anticipate. But in the year 1845, Mrs. Judson's health became impaired; a voyage beyond the tropics was ordered by the physicians, and after a painful deliberation, her husband resolved to accompany her to her native land.

They had not been long at sea before every hope of her recovery was blasted, and he recoiled from the prospect before him of committing her remains to an ocean grave. But he was spared that trial. Mrs. Judson died while the vessel was lying at the Isle of St. Helena, where a large circle of Christian friends followed her to the tomb, and sought in every way which sympathy could suggest to soothe the heart of the bereaved missionary.

There are few, if any, of those who are assembled here who do not remember with what a thrill of joy the arrival of Dr. Judson in this city was welcomed. On the 15th of October, 1845, he stepped ashore, and at once the intelligence flew as on electric wings. His friends were invited to meet him at the Bowdoin Square Church on the evening of the second following day, and that large edifice was crowded with men and women eager to behold the form and countenance of the veteran warrior returned from the field of his conflicts. A scene of equal interest is rarely beheld more than once in any man's lifetime, and an exact parallel to this cannot recur within the period allotted to the present generation.

The greeting which Dr. Judson here received was a fair

example of what awaited him in other places; it was but the first touch of a sympathetic chord whose vibrations were felt throughout the whole country. Thousands who had been born since he had left his native land hastened to grasp his hand, and addressed him as one whose name had always been familiar to their lips. He who had gone forth weeping, "bearing precious seed," while worldly wisdom pronounced his errand a chimera, and predicted that his mission would be a failure, had now returned, amidst universal acclamations, with the laurels of victory upon his brow. His journey was a triumphal march. It indicated a state of the public mind which he had never before witnessed. It was not the response of a great people to a benefactor who had blessed *them*, but it was a spontaneous tribute of honor to a moral hero who had given up his life to bless others; it was the grand expression of a public sentiment towards the cause of Christian Missions which he himself had done so much to create.

During Dr. Judson's stay in this country, he evinced a fine susceptibility of deriving enjoyment from everything around him. From reminiscences of the past, from scenes of nature, from social intercourse, from the study of men, manners, customs, and society, he drew incentives to thought and subjects of conversation. His power of observation was quick and comprehensive, and nothing seemed to be too great or too minute to minister to his mental activity and his happiness. It was evident to those who were favored with the opportunity of associating with him, that his long delay to revisit the home of his youth had not arisen from anything like coldness or stoicism in his nature, but simply from devotion to his great object. Nothing here, however, could wean his affections from the churches of Burmah, and he soon became impatient to return to the sphere of his daily toils. He desired to make every visit, every event, subservient to his life-work. While sojourning in Philadelphia, he became favorably impressed with the character of that gifted lady whose graceful pen he wished to employ in writing a

memoir of his lately deceased wife, and the result was a proposal of marriage, which, on her part, was considerably accepted, and which, as the course of events has shown, received the approbation of Heaven.

After Dr. Judson's return to Burmah, he resumed the labors which had been interrupted by his absence, and pursued them during the three following years, until his health became entirely broken down. A change of climate was necessary, and he resolved to embark for the island of Bourbon. It was impracticable for Mrs. Judson to accompany him, and to her the pang of parting was rendered especially painful by the fear that he would never return. The native Christians of Maulmain were all opposed to his departure, expressing the gloomy presentiment that their beloved teacher would be buried in the sea, and also the wish that his grave might be made where they could visit it. In those fears Dr. Judson did not participate, but in the end they were all realized. He regarded himself as being constitutionally tenacious of life, and longed to inhale the ocean air, believing that he might yet be restored to complete his literary tasks, and then to devote succeeding years to the ministration of the gospel.

But God had otherwise ordained. The pangs of disease, which became gradually more intense, were soon revealed in their true character as heralds sent from Him to summon a faithful servant from his toil to his reward. Thus far he had been borne onward triumphantly through a long and arduous career; only one more contest now remained, only one more victory, and that the victory over Death. For this he was prepared. In anticipation of protracted tortures aggravated by a quick nervous sensibility, he could pray, like his Divine Master, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me;" still, it was his to welcome the bitter draught with the smile of resignation, and thus, "although he were a son, yet learned he obedience by the things he suffered."

Soon after the vessel had set sail, and while in sight of the Tenasserim coast, there was a relief from pain, and a slight resuscitation which threw a gleam of light over the prospect

of recovery. But this was only like a calm in which, sometimes, the devastating storm gathers its energies. Racking pangs followed in quick succession. To Mr. Ranney, his coadjutor in the mission and his faithful companion in this trying scene, he said a few words expressive of the gratification afforded by the presence of a Christian brother. Mr. Ranney answered, "I hope you feel that Christ is now near, sustaining you." "O, yes," he replied, "it is all right there. I believe that he gives me just so much pain and suffering as is necessary to fit me to die; to make me submissive to his will." After this expression there was a period of more than forty hours replete with mortal agonies. It was followed by a placid calm, in which, without a sigh or sign of suffering, he expired. The manner of his death was in keeping with the sublime spirit and style of his life, and sheds a lustre over the retrospect of his whole career,—just as the setting sun flings back his splendors over the eastern sky, gilding every cloud and mountain height of the broad landscape with a mild, celestial glory.

Fathers and brethren, you will doubtless unite with me in the expression of the sentiment, that in the review of our course on earth, it will appear to us an inestimable privilege to have been permitted to live in the same age with such a man as Adoniram Judson, to have been co-workers in an enterprise so worthy to fill a mind and heart like his, to have been called to commemorate a life so fruitful in immortal deeds, and to contemplate a character so rich in the elements of moral greatness. Sensible, as I am, how inadequate must be any effort of mine to portray that character in few words, so as to realize your own conceptions of what he was, yet I am impelled to undertake it, because the occasion demands of us such a tribute to his memory as it may be in our power to offer, because from the abundance of the heart the mouth will speak in spite of conscious weakness, and because it becomes us to hold up to the view of all so bright an example of the graces which dignify our nature, of the heroism which true religion inspires, of the moral

grandeur with which an enlightened faith invests our poor fallen humanity.

To a philosophical and an observing mind there is much that is interesting in the study of human *character*, under whatever phase or form it may appear, whether in the bad or the good, in the pirate or the saint, in the monarch or the beggar; just as in the realm of natural history the inquiring eye will find a lesson in the structure of an elephant or a worm, in the life and habits of the eagle that soars toward the sun, or of the insect that lies couched in the bosom of a flower. But then, in looking over the wide domain of human history, the boundless landscape embracing myriads of active beings like ourselves, it is only here and there, at distant intervals, that we see looming up to view a character of marked *individuality* which forcibly arrests our attention, concentrates our thoughts upon itself, challenges our homage or our hate, and by its great achievements kindles within us an eager curiosity to search out the secret of its movement, to explore the interior springs wherein its strength has lain. Prophets, apostles, martyrs, lawgivers, reformers, projectors, discoverers, and successful leaders in the path of enterprise, constitute a class of heroic men whom nations delight to honor; and if all of these who have appeared in the course of ages were gathered into a single company, they would seem but as a diminutive group compared with the teeming populations of the globe. Each one of them who serves his race faithfully finds his place of eminence, not by courting fame, but by doing his own life-work in that spirit of self-forgetfulness which is essential to true humility; and then, when he is seen to have coped with appalling difficulties, to have trampled down great temptations, to have baffled mighty adversaries, and to have accomplished what sages pronounced to be impossible, the power of his character is felt universally, and his example rises like a star in the moral firmament to shed its radiance on the path of succeeding generations.

Now, in looking back upon the course of the half-century which has just been completed, our eyes rest on Dr. Judson

as a distinguished character; and he first draws our attention while in the prime of life, as a Christian philanthropist rising superior to the prevailing spirit of his times, to the opinions both of the church and the world around him, proposing to himself an object which but few could then appreciate, and pursuing it with a steadiness of purpose commensurate with its dignity. Scarcely had he received Christianity as a divine revelation ere he saw that Christ had committed the evangelization of the heathen world as a sacred trust to his disciples; and no sooner had he admitted this conviction than he hastened to realize it in action. The recorded words of Christ's last commission swayed his decisions as effectually as if he had stood with the Eleven on Mount Olivet, as if he had heard them pronounced with the voice of authority, and had fallen prostrate in worship at the feet of the heavenly majesty. Had he, like John at Patmos, been visited by an angel directly from the skies, flashing celestial splendors around him, and repeating the written mandate as with the trump of God, he could not have felt more strongly the obligations that rested upon him, he could not have obeyed with more alacrity, nor moved forward in his rugged pathway with a step more unfaltering.

It is not wonderful, therefore, that to the eye of a distant observer he should have appeared simply as a "man of faith," pressing forward in his adventurous race of life under the impelling power of that one mighty principle. But a clearer view of his history, a comparison of one part with another, will make it evident that he was distinguished not so much by the simplicity and strength of his faith, although that faith acted with an intensity which kindled his affections into a glow of enthusiasm, and subordinated all the passions of his nature to itself, as by the *combination* of his faith with a cool practical judgment, which qualified him wisely to select the means adapted to his chosen ends; and also, by the union of that faculty of judgment to a strong executive will, which enabled him to carry out his far-reaching plans to their issues, with a determination that no obstacles could



daunt, with a patience that no disappointment could exhaust. As it has been justly said of Napoleon, that he united in himself the calm, calculating power that belongs to the Northern temperament with the enthusiastic ardor and fervid imagination that belong to the Southern, so that his style of action was in keeping with the grandeur of his conceptions, it may be said with equal truth of our venerated leader in the missionary warfare, that he combined the enthusiasm of faith with such a clear, serene judgment, and with such a manly energy of will, as fitted him to grapple with seeming impossibilities, to "speak of things which were not as though they were," and to bring to an undertaking which required for its success the interpositions of Omnipotence the same apt and careful forethought as would befit the cabinet of the statesman, the camp of the warrior, or any arduous work that lay within the scope of human enterprise.

Wherever these interior elements of character become subordinate to some one grand conception, they always produce that degree of *perseverance* amidst difficulties, which, in the retrospect of a long series of actions, gives an impression of dramatic unity to the life, and awakens in us the emotion of sublimity. In every age the epic muse has found her choicest themes in the struggles of the good and brave who have pursued some noble aim against adverse fortunes, and have

—— "plucked success  
Ev'n from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger."

When we pore over the story of Christopher Columbus, who, in his early solitary musings, vividly conceived of this new world as lying beyond unknown seas, and resolved to seek it, that he might rear upon it the banner of the cross, how deeply are our hearts stirred within us while we see the constancy with which he "watched thereunto with all perseverance;" how he met the objections of titled ignorance; how he bore ridicule; how he rendered misfortune subservient to his work; how he sustained the rebukes of priestly

pride and courtly arrogance ; how he sought aid from princes and welcomed the sympathy of the poor ; how he prayed for help from on high and cast himself on the care of Providence as he steered his bark through many a tedious vigil of the night across the boisterous deep ! He appeared like other men in scenes of business, in conversation, and in action, but his one great object was ever present to his thoughts, and in spite of neglect, of disappointment, of ingratitude, in spite of opposing storms and threatening death, he persevered and conquered. His eyes beheld the promised land, and his great mission for mankind was accomplished. Not less worthy of admiration for his dauntless perseverance is he who left the home of his youth to plant the standard of the cross in the stronghold of Gaudama ; who formed his plans in the solitude of his closet ; who derived but little aid from the counsels of experienced age ; who felt no genial sympathy of public sentiment quickening the pulsations of his heart ; but who, like another Columbus, went forth in the night of adversity, guided only by the lights of Heaven, and shaping his course by those eternal truths which God had set as stars in the firmament of revelation to throw their gleams along a pathless waste.

And here it becomes us to acknowledge with devout gratitude his *habitual reverence for the authority of God's word* ; the great controlling power which was exerted over a mind of such mighty energies, by its clear apprehension of the momentous principle that the Bible alone is the supreme and sufficient rule of faith for all in matters of religion. For, that religious sentiment which is an essential element of human nature, when it predominates in a man of strong character, becomes an impulsive force that works out immense results of good or evil, according to the direction which it takes ; and, unless it be enlightened and guided by the oracles of God, is likely to render any one who possesses more than ordinary intellect and passion a prodigy of superstition or fanaticism. Its effects are varied by the opinions and spirit of the times ; in one age it produces monasticism,

in another crusades, in another inquisitions; now it forms its votary into a Simon Stylites earning heaven by penance and beggary, now into a Peter the Hermit summoning the faithful unto battle, and now again into a Torquemada purging the earth from heresy by fire and blood. In studying the lives of men, we are often astonished to see how an obscure event becomes a crisis of history. The flight of a bird from the mouth of a cave, saving Mahomet from the sword of his enemies, affected the destiny of millions; and but for the seemingly accidental conversations of Loyola at Paris, the renowned Xavier would probably have yielded to the power of Luther's influence, and have become a champion of the Protestant faith. Who can tell how different from what it was would have been the earthly career of Dr. Judson, how different the color and complexion of his character, had he not been led in the very prime of his manhood to form just conceptions of the religion revealed in the New Testament, to yield his whole soul to its supreme authority, and to cling with all the affections of his ardent nature to "the simplicity that is in Christ?" A soul like his, touched with a spark of some "strange fire," and inflamed with zeal for some false system, might have become another St. Francis founding a new order of ascetics, or another Loyola training a new school of courtly propagandists, or another Xavier traversing India with a lofty martyr-spirit to preach the crucifix rather than the cross, to convert nations by sacraments rather than the gospel. But we have reason, on this occasion, to bless the Father of lights for the grace bestowed on his servant, that in the day of doubt and inquiry, when he was feeling after truth, if haply he might find it, the word of inspiration was made known to him as a divine counsellor, the oracle of his faith, the conservative and guiding rule of his conduct; that he "rejoiced in its testimonies more than in all riches," and that he counted nothing dear to him, so that he might give to pagan millions those recorded messages which are as leaves from the tree of life for the healing of the nations. If, in a coming age, some Allston should wish to employ his

pencil in picturing forth a single action that should express at once the great aim, the chosen means, and the true spirit of the modern missionary enterprise, he could scarcely select a more fitting scene than that which Heaven witnessed with a smile, when Adoniram Judson was seen kneeling by the side of that table over which he had long bent his frame in studious application, holding in his hand the last leaf of the Burman Bible, with his eyes uplifted, and with a countenance radiant with joy, thanking God that his life had been spared to achieve this work, and imploring the Divine Spirit to make the silent page a messenger of life to many.

The leading features of Dr. Judson's character, when we regard him as a public man, have an aspect of such stern and simple grandeur that they throw into the shade those delicate traits which disclosed themselves to the eyes of all who knew him in social and domestic life. Indeed, the higher qualities of which we have spoken are rarely found in intimate union with the gentler virtues, with that childlike tenderness, that genial sympathy, that nice regard to the sensibilities of others, which throw a charm around the scenes of home and the circles of friendship. We are never surprised to learn that these are utterly wanting in men of iron sinew, formed for daring and endurance. Just as when we have gazed on some lofty mountain that towers sublimely to the skies, it seems not strange, if, on a close survey, the fine proportions and the beauty of outline shall have vanished, so that we can touch nothing but rugged rocks and tangled thickets. But to find the ascent of an Alpine height enriched with fruits and flowers, with sheltering vines, refreshing springs, and singing birds, must fill the breast of every beholder with a sentiment of pleasing wonder. A kindred emotion has, doubtless, been awakened in the hearts of many who have long contemplated Dr. Judson from a distant point of view, and have afterward been favored with opportunities of personal intercourse. Then it has been seen that the elements of his nature were admirably balanced, that his social affections were commensurate with his intellectual powers, and that

his many-sided mind filled a wide sphere of being. Of him it could not be justly said, as it once was of an eminent moral philosopher, that he loved man in general, but no human being in particular; nay, his heart was a well-spring of tender affections, his eye took within its scope the whole wide range of human relationships, and he was sensitively alive to the happiness of all around him. In this respect he resembled his Divine Master, who, whilst on earth, although he was employed in a mission that involved the eternal destinies of a fallen race, could find congenial joys in the friendship of Martha, Mary, and Lazarus, and who, amidst the agonies of the cross, could commend the temporal welfare of his mother to "that disciple whom he loved."

In this connection it may be proper to observe that in regard to the social qualities of Dr. Judson, his susceptibility of the pleasures of friendship, his powers of conversation, his combination of mental energy with the most winning gentleness of expression, many of us received impressions, during his sojourn in this country, which could have been imparted by no study of his history, by no sketch, however vivid and graphical. Whosoever we see a man who is distinguished for singleness of aim, we are often struck with a certain eloquence of *manners* which cannot be described, and which, when found to be in keeping with the tenor of his life, discloses the heart more truthfully than the best efforts of the pencil or the pen. The Evangelist Luke seems to allude to the impression of character made by the personal appearance of our Lord, in a single phrase which Dr. Campbell has translated, "he was adorned with a divine gracefulness." The soul reveals itself not only in words, but in the tones of the voice, in the animated countenance, in the kindling eye, in every feature, in every movement. Although it may not be safe to judge of men by the outward appearance merely, yet there are signs of character which are seldom mistaken, which no art can counterfeit, and which make impressions that we can neither resist nor erase. And no one, probably, has been permitted to enjoy Dr. Judson's society, and especially to

kneel with him while conducting the worship of a family, who has not left his presence with some new conviction of the depth of his piety, of the breadth of his philanthropy, of his childlike humility as a Christian, and of his real greatness as a man.

Nor can we omit to notice, while we consider the variety of situations in which our departed missionary was placed, the *versatility* of his talents, which enabled him to be at ease and at home in every position which he was called to occupy. Every one who has considered the subject is well aware that the qualifications requisite for a translator of the Scriptures into a foreign language embrace a wide sphere of acquisitions. As a scholar and a critic, Dr. Judson did not allow himself to fall behind the advancing spirit of his times; and, if we may credit the testimony of Mr. Crawford, the English Envoy to the Court of Ava, who had ample means of judging, he had no superior in the Empire as a thorough master of the Burman language and literature. At the same time, his knowledge of the world, of men and things around him, his wide scope of thought, and his powers of communication, gave a particular value to all his opinions on matters of secular interest, and commanded the respect of the most distinguished men with whom he was led to associate in private and in public life.

Notwithstanding repeated attacks of disease, it was his cherished hope, as it was also that of his friends, that his days would have been prolonged, that he would have been permitted to finish the works which had long tasked his pen, and give himself to the ministry of the word without interruption. Whensoever we have thought of his ripe experience, his familiarity with the language, customs, and mental habitudes of the Burman people, we had fondly imagined with what zeal and effect he would consecrate his advancing age to the work of oral teaching. But this pleasing picture, which glowed before the imagination in such lively colors, has been suddenly marred. In the sight of God his work was done, and he was called to his rest. Yet, so intent was

his soul upon that work, that the voice of the summons which bade him away fell upon the ears of anxious friends sooner than upon his own. But when it was heard by him, how cordially was it welcomed! He was ready. To him, death came not as the "king of terrors," but as a commissioned servant to conduct him home. He has fought a good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith, he has died in triumph. The veteran soldier sleeps in his chosen sepulchre. They laid him in the ocean-bed where none can break his repose. They could write no epitaph, they could raise no memorial, but they

— "left him alone in his glory,"

where the winds shall moan his requiem until the last trump shall sound, and the sea shall yield up its treasured trusts.

And now, fathers and brethren, while we commemorate the life and character of our venerated missionary, let us open our hearts to the lessons suggested by this occasion; and especially let it be ours to apprehend more vividly THE NATURE OF THAT MORAL HEROISM which he so nobly exemplified, and which befits the period in which we live. In the classic ages of the past, the epithet *heroic* was applied only to those who achieved deeds of martial valor. The verse of Milton has well expressed that truth:

"Conquerors who leave behind  
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,  
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,  
Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,  
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,  
Worshipped with temple, priest, and sacrifice."

The usages of language illustrate mental history, and the application of the idea of heroism to grand projects of benevolence, to the champions and martyrs of Truth, designates the era of Christianity. The thought gleamed on the mind of Napoleon amidst the reflections of his exile, and was uttered in those weighty sentences which he addressed to the Count de Montholon while at St. Helena. "The religion

of Jesus Christ is a mystery which subsists by its own force, and proceeds from a mind which is not a human mind. We find in it a marked individuality, which originated a train of words and actions unknown before. Jesus is not a philosopher, for his proofs are miracles, and from the first his disciples adored him. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself, founded empires; but on what foundation did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon force. Jesus Christ founded an empire upon love, and at this hour millions of men would die for him! I die before my time, and my body will be given back to the earth, to become food for worms. Such is the fate of him who has been called the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep mystery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, and adored, and is extending over the whole earth!" Wonderful words to be spoken by those imperial lips! They reveal the truth of things as it must appear in the light of eternal realities. Is it not possible, think you, that the martial hero who uttered them may have wished, as he awoke to a calm retrospective view of his course, that he had acted a more *Christian* part in the great drama of life, and that other words than these had sounded the key-note of his moral history? Whatever may have been his secret wish, we welcome his testimony as a tribute of honor to the enterprise which unites our hearts, to the heroism which true philanthropy inspires, and to the character of a man like him whose aims and deeds we here devoutly celebrate.

Yet, let us remember that it belongs not to the Missionary alone to cherish and develop this heroic spirit in some distant land or some conspicuous sphere. In the early ages it gave a lofty tone to whole communities of Christians; it was breathed forth in their social intercourse, in their daily pursuits, in their style of life and conduct. But in our time the genius of enterprise, even among "the sons of the church," needs a new baptism from on high. Their hardy courage, their spirit of adventure and of self-denial, must be hallowed by a loftier aim. In the pursuit of perishable



wealth they put forth mighty efforts which would take on an aspect of heroism, if they were subordinated to a worthy moral object. For the sake of gain they are willing to become exiles from home, to undertake the most arduous pilgrimages, to brave the perils of the stormy deep or gloomy desert, to dare the blasts which sweep over the icy solitudes of the North, if they may but rob wild beasts of their costly furs, or risk life amidst the malaria of Africa if they may but pick up gold dust from her burning sands. In the pursuit of wealth the mind emboldens itself to meet the march of pestilence, and infection seems to have been disarmed of its terrors. For this end families, too, are broken up and scattered over the earth; one makes his home on the ocean, another in India, another in the mines of California, and a fourth seeks his fortune in the new ports of the Pacific. With what inflexible will do they wrestle with difficulty, with disease, with the pains of absence, with bitter disappointments! and O, how elevated and ennobled would be the elements of such enduring character if they were truly consecrated to the interests of the Messiah's kingdom, and were thus made subservient to the real progress of humanity! And surely, in these latter days, while "the signs of the times" beckon us on to bolder attempts in the great battle which has long been waged with the powers of darkness, "with spiritual wickedness in high places," now, when mountains fall and valleys rise before the march of Science, so that our antipodes become our neighbors—now, when America, which was but lately at the very "ends of the earth," is rising up to be a great central power, stretching forth her gigantic arms to reach the continent of Asia on the one side and the continent of Europe on the other, the chief want of the times is a manly, generous, Christian public spirit, which shall perform heroic deeds amidst the stir and din of secular business, and aim to subordinate the realms of Agriculture, of Commerce, of Art, of Literature, and of Labor, to the grand design of Christianity in the renovation of our fallen world.

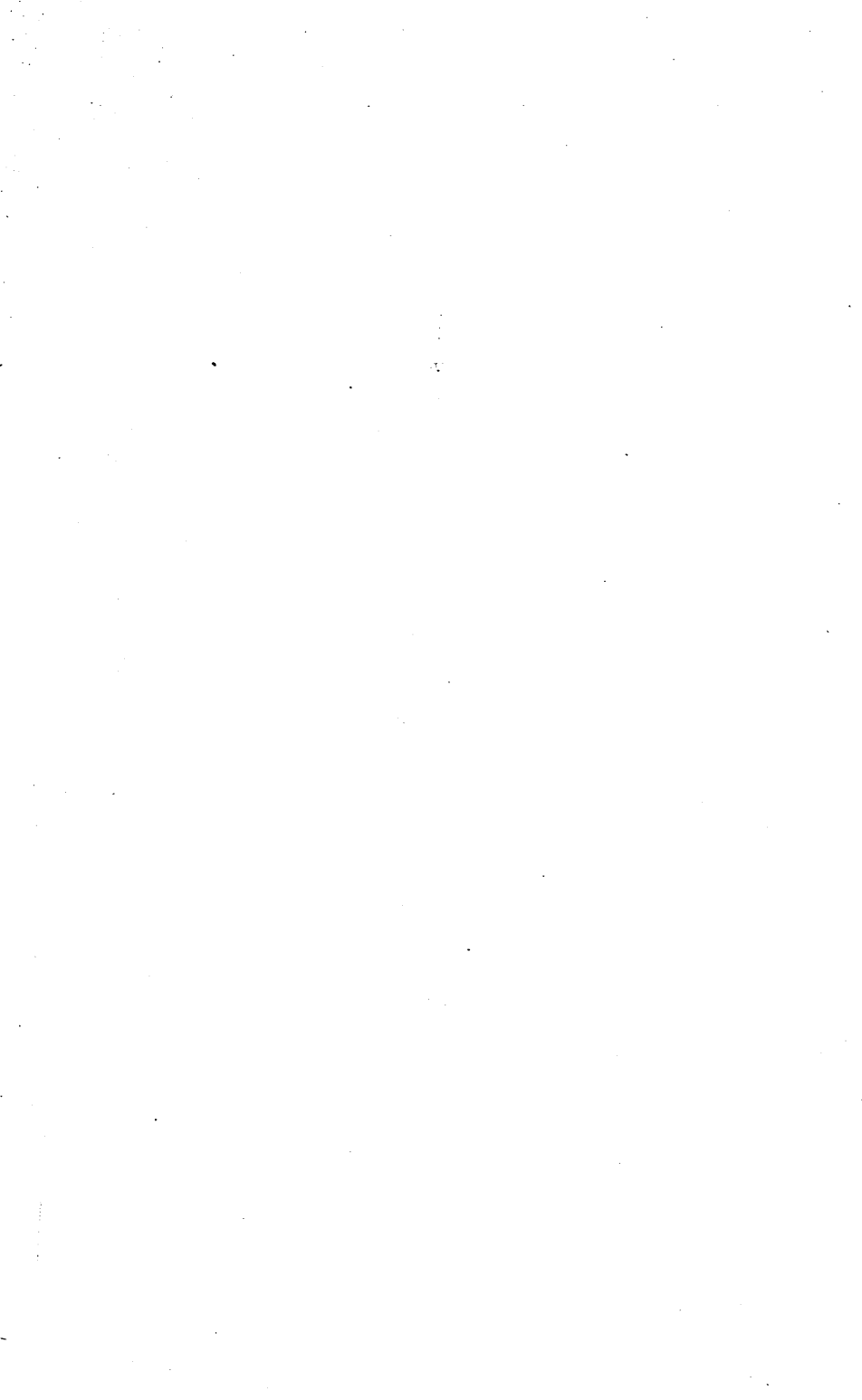
Last of all, let us resolve, with a firm faith in the promised agency of the Divine Spirit, *to carry forward the work which has been so well begun by those who have gone before us.* Let it be our prayer, that the mantles of the ascending prophets may fall on worthy successors, until that favored generation come who shall celebrate the universal triumph of the Redeemer.

It is deserving of remark that, after a long lapse of ages, it has devolved on the men of the last century to push forward the conquests of the cross among the older nations of the world, beyond those eastern lands which had bounded the progress of Christianity in the days of the Apostles. Wonderful as were the victories of our religion in the first century, they scarcely reached beyond the dominion of the Cæsars, which was then called "the whole world." Yet far beyond it, stretching eastward, lay the older Pagan countries overspread by Boodhism and Brahminism; and these were left, as they had been long before, from time immemorial. Afterward, when Constantine established Christianity as the religion of the State, it became a territorial creed, hemmed in by the boundaries of the empire. And thus it has, in a great degree, remained, until the missionary spirit of modern times took up the work nearly at the point where it was left by the last of the Apostles, and won new trophies in those old domains of Boodh and Brahma.

With this fact in view, we cannot but be struck with an analogy between the progress of science and Christianity. It was at the close of the first century of the Christian era that the Emperor Trajan, having beaten back the northern barbarians beyond the Danube, engaged in the work of extending the improvements of civilization and the arts of peace in those dreary regions. Among the memorials of his reign, travellers have beheld with admiration the remains of a ship canal, cut through the solid rock, around the rapids of that noble river. But at the death of Trajan the work was left unfinished, and for seventeen hundred years has remained in that condition. The empire had then reached its culminat-

ing point; its energies were spent; it had begun to decline and fall, and it had no power or resources adequate to the completion of the plans which Trajan had projected. Beneath the tramp of barbarian hordes Roman civilization lay crushed during revolving centuries, and the chiselled rocks bore witness of a fallen empire unable to finish what it had begun. But under the auspices of Christianity, art and science have plumed their wings anew, to go forth and repair the old and desolate wastes. Within the memory of living men, an impetus has been given to the world's affairs by means of which the enterprise of Trajan has lately received its finishing stroke. That impulse came forth, not from the banks of the Tiber, but of the Hudson; and the invention of Robert Fulton has achieved the significant result. Thus, too, has it been in the history of Christianity. The men of our own times have been called to set their hands to the work of God, just where its early heralds left it, and have urged forward the triumphs of our religion beyond those borders which marked the termination of her first victorious career. The new impulse has proceeded, not from Rome, or Constantinople, but from London, from New York, from Boston, and from the chief seats of Christianized Anglo-Saxon power.

Seeing, then, that brightening signs indicate an accelerated progress of the Messiah's kingdom—that the voice of Providence is summoning us renewedly to be co-workers in this glorious cause—let us devoutly aim to do our life-work faithfully, to follow in the steps of those “who, through faith and patience, have inherited the promises.” Let it be ours to bear a part in the fulfilment of those old prophecies which have long shed hopeful gleams across the night of ages, that thus we may be prepared to unite in those heavenly anthems that shall celebrate the final triumph of the Redeemer, unto whom “shall the gathering of the people be.”



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